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## BLONDIN v. THE MONKEY.

I HAVE lately witnessed and studied Blondin's wonderful feats of agility when acting at the Crystal Palace in the character of 'The Ape,' in the pantomimic drama of *The Child of the Wreck*. The activity and courage he displays are really something marvellous; but yet he partially defeats his own object, for his face, mischievous tricks, and the skin he wears, render him so like a real monkey, that people do not expect anything but excessive activity from the creature before their eyes. Were he to perform the same tricks in his ordinary exercising-dress, the effect would be much heightened.

There have, as we know, of late been great disputes relative to the difference between the man and the monkey. Here, then, was a man acting the part of a monkey; and I was most curious to see how human anatomy would disport itself in the performance of feats peculiar to an animal whose habitat is in trees. On the whole, I felt some complacency as a *homo* at the marked difference between the two animals—human and non-human. *Imprimis*—a monkey being quadrumanous, or four-handed, always prefers to make progress (whether he be going slowly or swiftly) upon all-four members, and he never stands erect except on special occasions, and those rare ones: walking on two legs is not his natural mode of going. Blondin, on the contrary, being bimanous or two-handed, naturally elects the upright mode of walking; anything else is difficult to him; and when he has to advance or run away, he has to do it rather more like a man than a monkey.

When Blondin *does* walk upon 'all-fours,' his gait is very different from that of a monkey; he is obliged to walk upon the *toes* of his feet, the heels being erect in the air, and upon the palms of his hands, the thumbs being stretched well away from the fingers. The real monkey walks with the whole of the sole of the foot, heel and all, flat upon the ground, the great toe (or thumb) being separated from the toes. The four digits of the hand are *parallel to one another*; the very converse of Blondin's case. In fact, one of the great distinctions between a man and a monkey is, that the man has a thumb opposable to the top of each of the other digits; and upon this apparently insignificant fact is founded much of his superiority over all other animals. The monkey's thumb is *not* opposable to the other digits; but, as if to compensate for this, his

great toe takes the office of a thumb, and is of the greatest use to him in holding on to branches during the act of climbing. If a gorilla were to walk over Blondin's tight-rope, it would be seen by the spectators below that he would grasp the rope with his great toe. Blondin's anatomical construction will not allow him to do this; he walks, therefore, upon the sole of his foot, sustaining himself by the comparatively feeble grasp of the curve of the foot, and by a nice management of his centre of gravity, which gives him the appearance of walking so much from the hips. The human great toes can, however, be trained to grasp; and there is a poor man in London streets who gains his living by writing with his toes; still, no living man or woman will ever be able to vie with the monkey, as far as grasping with the great toe is concerned. Barefooted sailors come nearest to the animal in this respect. Watch a monkey go up a pole; you will see he places his hind-feet on the surface of the pole at a considerable angle to his body (which his anatomy enables him to do), and thus he ascends. Watch Blondin. His feet cannot be turned inwards like the monkey's. The complicated ligaments of the ankle, made to support an erect frame, will not allow it; he has therefore caused small wooden steps to be nailed on to his pole, which exactly resembles the bear's pole at the Zoological Gardens. In fact, Blondin goes up his pole much like our friend *Ursa Major*, to whom, as regards the structure of the foot, Blondin approaches more nearly than he does to the monkey. The bear is a genuine plantigrade, so called because he possesses a great facility, from the structure of the sole of his five-toed foot, of rearing himself up on the hind-feet. Blondin, therefore—unwittingly, no doubt—has arranged his climbing-pole to suit his plantigrade structure.

A merry little child just in front of me at the Crystal Palace, at first was half-frightened at Blondin, thinking, in her infant mind, he was a real monkey; and when assured by her father that this was not the case, she wisely questioned his answer by the observation: 'Why, papa, he has not a mite of a tail.' True, Blondin has no tail; and I would venture to ask the directors of the Crystal Palace what species of monkey Mr Blondin represents—whether a monkey of the Old World, or a monkey of the New World. The monkeys of the New World have prehensile tails, a species of fifth hand; and,

what is very extraordinary, the non-prehensile tailed monkeys when feeling unwell gnaw and devour the tips of their tails; whereas those of the New World, knowing the disadvantage that would thence accrue to them, do not gnaw their tails. Blondin would find it difficult to make an artificial prehensile tail, worked by human mechanism; he has therefore wisely dropped the subject, and we must assume that he performs in the character of an Old-world monkey.

His pluck and courage in performing his jump of 120 feet are really marvellous. Ascending to a high platform on one side of the transept of the Crystal Palace, in front of the stage, he holds on to a rope fastened securely above, and letting himself go with a spring, swings right across the transept to the opposite side. It is as though you hauled up the great brass chandelier of Westminster Abbey into the organ-loft, and let it swing bodily up towards the reading eagle, under the centre of the great tower. I was curious to see how Blondin would land from his aerial journey, as his impetus would be too great to allow him to lodge on a platform. An eagle or other large bird, stopping suddenly in his flight, has his wings to help in bringing him up on a given point; not so Blondin: for the moment, he converts his body into a pendulum, a dead heavy weight, and his physical force, therefore, is greatly inferior to the dead weight of his body acting under the laws of gravitation. A monkey, in a natural state, free and wild in the forest, is no fool; he won't go and jump hang on to the trunk of a tree, a hard, firm, and inelastic substance—he is much too clever for that. He jumps on to a bough, which is elastic, bending, and pliant, and gives time for muscular force to overcome gravitating force. We don't often see monkeys wild in the English woods, but we do see a very monkey-like animal in every respect. The pretty little squirrel jumps not from trunk to trunk, but from bough to bough. Blondin has instinctively arrived at the same conclusion as nature did when she made the monkey and the squirrel, and he has therefore arranged a thick rope, which would represent a bough, in front of the platform, where he arrives at the end of his swing; in fact, the arrival-platform looks like a large cage with one thick bar. When about to start, he fixes his eye on the bar, and then away he goes with a most magnificent eagle-like swoop, as near flying as it is possible for human flesh and blood to arrive at; and when he feels himself near the end of his tether on the opposite side of the arch he has described, he stretches out his legs, and grasps in an instant the single bar of his cage.

This rope-bar being loosely fixed, 'gives' to his force more or less: once having a hold with his legs, the rest is easy; he poises himself a moment, holds on by one hand, and lets go the swinging rope which has carried him safely across with the other. This seems all very easy on paper, but I do not think it is very easy in practice, for the day I saw him, the long swing-rope became entangled in his foot, and it was with difficulty he got it out again. I heard subsequently that a few days ago he missed the rope on to which he swings: he was not quite quick enough to catch it with his feet, and away he went right back again into open space; for if human beings will convert themselves for the time into pendulums, they must submit to the laws which govern pendulums, and not human beings. Missing his hold, therefore, away he swung back again, but not with sufficient force to reach the place whence he started; he swung short of it, and back and back again, oscillating to and fro in mid-air for some minutes. It was impossible for him to recover sufficient force to reach either side; he was physically in the horns of a dilemma. There were only two ways of escape—one downwards, one upwards. Downwards he could not go; the drop on to the ground was too great; upwards he

might go, as he still held on to the rope. There was no question that this was the only road open for him, so, therefore, up he went; up, up, till he should meet with a friendly cross-road which would conduct him home. On to one of the side-ropes he therefore transferred himself, and arrived in safety, amid the cheers of the visitors, at the platform whence he had started. The cool courage, determined pluck, and ready reasoning of the wonderful man, never desert him. A slip of the foot, an unexpected movement of a rope, the fracture or semi-fracture of any part of his apparatus, may at any moment send him headlong and lifeless on to the earth beneath. We cannot, therefore, but admire him as a marvellous example of moral courage and gigantic, yet elegant strength. A person fond of observing cannot fail to have arrived at the conclusion, that the occupation of the individual moulds the features of that individual. Place a soldier, a sailor, a bookseller, and a watchmaker side by side, and the difference in physiognomy will be remarked in a moment. We find that Blondin's features are moulded in a most peculiar cast; the very ideal of cool courage, iron determination, and pluck. May he live to a good old age, and escape the fate of so many of his predecessors, who attempt feats which the human frame is not by nature constructed to perform!

#### AUSTRIAN RULE IN TUSCANY UNDER THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD II., 1849.

IN the little town of Pistoia, a few miles distant from Florence, there lived, a few years ago, a respectable couple in humble life. Agostino Frosini was a servant in a gentleman's family, and his wife, Annunziata Sapoli, a washerwoman. They had five children, one of whom, Attilio, was noted for his mild and amiable disposition. A favourite with all who knew him, he retained, at the age of sixteen, a purity, and almost childlike simplicity of heart and mind, which was the more striking among a people whose character and intellect are usually developed at an earlier age than in races inhabiting northern countries.

In 1849, all Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, rejoiced in the hope of establishing constitutional governments throughout the land, of forcing their separate rulers to obey the existing laws, which they had arbitrarily set aside, and of driving out the Austrian, who not only had forfeited all claim to Lombardy, by breaking the conditions upon which it had been bestowed by the arbiters of Europe in 1815, but had likewise supported tyranny, political and religious, throughout the whole peninsula. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II., who at first appeared to yield to the wishes of his people by granting them a constitution, fled, terrified at his own work, to seek aid from the very government which was most hated by his Tuscan subjects. He left Florence in March 1849, but returned in June of that same year, under the escort of an Austrian army. The German soldiers entered Florence in triumph, wearing boughs of laurel on their caps, and having once established themselves in the country as the protectors of the sovereign, they were allowed full licence to insult the Italians they had conquered by arms. If two or three Florentines were seen in the street conversing together, they were ordered to separate; if they sang, they were silenced, whilst the Austrian soldiery paraded the streets in bands, singing their national songs. One day, an unfortunate peasant happened to jostle an Austrian officer in Via Porta Rossa, one of the most frequented streets of Florence; he was knocked up against a wall, and forced to remain there, whilst the officer and the soldiers following him successively, spat in his face.

But worse instances than these contributed to deepen the hatred of the Italian against the Austrian,

and against that sovereign who had returned to the country and office he had abandoned with unmanly cowardice, through Austrian means. News had arrived of the victories gained over the Austrians in Hungary, which were hailed with joy in Italy; and a rumour having got abroad that the Austrian regiment in Pistoia was Hungarian, the people there hoped to find in the soldiers not only friends, but the enemies of their enemies. One afternoon, Attilio Frosini was passing the bishop's palace, where the Austrian commander, Lieutenant-colonel Francesco de Mayer, was quartered. The guard, who were partly Croats, wore the Hungarian uniform, and the lad saluted them as he passed with the words: 'Long live Kossuth!' The sentinel replied, 'Viva!' and Attilio, encouraged by this, repeated, 'Viva Kossuth!' Three more of the soldiers had now joined the sentinel, and shouting 'Viva, bravo!' beckoned to him to come nearer. No sooner was he within reach, than they surrounded and seized him, carrying him into the guard-house, where they informed him he was under arrest. Attilio at first remonstrated against his seizure, but finding his words vain, he lost all self-command, and broke out in invectives against the Austrian soldiers, their officers and generals, declaring he would tear down their flag, which was hanging in the guard-house. Upon this, the soldiers put him in chains, giving him repeated blows with their guns.

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant-colonel de Mayer, with the officers of the regiment, returned to the palace, from which they had been absent when the boy was arrested. After listening to the corporal's report of the affair, the lieutenant-colonel ordered the soldiers to be drawn out, and Attilio Frosini to be beaten a second time by blows from the butt-end of their guns. His cries were heard at a considerable distance; but, not satisfied with this, the Austrian officer ordered him to be conveyed to the fortress, to which he was driven with blows and insults by thirty Croats, and kept there all night. On the morning of the 29th June, an express was sent to the commander-in-chief resident at Prato, informing him of what had occurred the previous evening; but an officer of the garrison, half of whom were Tuscan, had likewise sent word to the prefect of Pistoia, Cavaliere Rossemini Gualandi, warning him that Attilio's case would be tried by a military tribunal, and was one of life or death. The prefect accordingly started early for Florence, to lay the affair before the minister of the grand duke, and entreat for his interference. Before leaving Pistoia, however, he addressed the following letter to Lieutenant-colonel de Mayer:

'MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR—I have been informed that a youth of this city, the son of a servant of the family Marchetti, was arrested yesterday evening, accused of using means to induce some soldiers of the troop commanded by your Excellency to desert, and that he is at this present moment under trial by a council of war, and, in case of being found guilty, that he will be subjected to the extreme rigour of martial law. I consider it my duty, in the interest of the authority I represent, formally to signify to you, that without prejudging any other question which may arise as to what are the cases amenable to martial law, it is not possible in any way to apply it in a case which has not been formally declared punishable according to martial law and by the forms of an extraordinary tribunal; but this case can only be tried in the terms and in the established forms of Tuscan laws.

'I cannot doubt that, while I am engaged in acquainting the superior government with this urgent case, and await my instructions from thence, that whatever may be the sentence pronounced, the execution will be suspended until the required instructions arrive.—I have the honour, &c.,

CAV. ALESSANDRO ROSSEMINI GUALANDI,  
*Prefect.*

That the minister could not or would not interfere, may be inferred from what followed; but the story may now be told in the words of the priest, Doctor Vincenzo Marraccini of Pistoia, who attended the poor lad from this time to his last moment.

Two o'clock was striking in the afternoon of the 29th June 1849, when an Austrian soldier, guided by a man of the name of Valente Chiappini, knocked at the door of my house, situated in the Via del Corso, near the church of Santa Maria Nuova. Going to the window, I saw Chiappini, who, pointing to the Austrian soldier, said: 'This gentleman wants your attendance on a sick man in the fortress.' I immediately hastened down to the street, where I found the Austrian soldier alone, as Chiappini had departed.

On my way to the fortress, I asked the soldier who the sick man might be, and what was his complaint; but his only reply was, that *he did not know—he was told there was a sick man*. 'Tell me, at least,' I added, 'if this sick man is one of your comrades, or one of our soldiers, for I suppose you know so much.' But he only repeated what he had said before: 'I was told there was a sick man, and that I was to fetch a priest.' We had by this time reached the external gate of the fortress, and passing through, he led me to the interior, bidding me turn to the left.

Here I found all the Austrians drawn up under arms, but hardly noticing them, I turned to my guide, believing him still beside me, to desire him to lead me at once to the sick man; but he, like Chiappini, had disappeared, without telling me he was leaving me.

Whilst I was looking round in search of him, one of the Austrian soldiers present advanced, and requested me to wait. I bowed my consent, and approaching a Tuscan, of the name of Antonio Sarto, and who, with several other Tuscan soldiers, was quartered in the fortress, I asked him what all these Austrians were about, and why they were under arms.

He replied with much agitation: 'Reverend sir, they are about to commit a very brutal act, and, it appears, you are required to be present.' As I was totally ignorant of what had occurred, I could not at the moment comprehend the import of his words, and I again inquired: 'But have I not been called here to attend a sick man?' 'Exactly so,' he replied. 'I tell you it is a very brutal act; and the supposed sick man is, I believe, there in the midst of them.'

That instant, I heard the sound of the drum; and the Austrian soldiers filing off in two lines, I perceived a young lad walking between them, chained hand and foot, and followed by twelve Austrians, who were conducting him towards the inner gate of the fortress. As soon as they had passed, an officer, either a major or captain, advanced towards me, and without further preface said: 'I consign him to you.'

At the sight of that miserable-looking boy, and the sound of these brief but alarming words, I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and a secret presentiment suggesting the idea of death rise up in my mind. I could have thrown myself at the feet of the Austrian officer, but I only said: 'I will not fail in performing the duties of my sacred office; but for the love of Jesus, I entreat you to spare the life of that boy.' 'Who knows!' he replied; 'the matter has been referred to the colonel, who is at Prato. All depends on him.'

So saying, he took me by the arm, and accompanied me to the gate of the fortress, when, making me a sign to enter the guard-house, he left me.

In the centre of the room, a corporal sat astride on a chair, leaning the elbow of his right arm on the back, and his head on his hand. Three soldiers mounted guard, two at the door of the room, and one near the window. All this armed force was placed there to watch that poor boy, as if he had been a wild beast. The prisoner had thrown himself on his face upon a bench, sobbing violently. As I have said



before, I was ignorant of what had occurred; I did not even know who he was, and I was therefore uncertain how I should approach him, so as to alarm him as little as possible.

I blew my nose, and starting at the noise, he turned round trembling and looked at me; but he no sooner perceived who I was, than he threw himself weeping upon my neck. At this eloquent appeal, I could do no less than embrace him in return, and clasping him in my arms, without uttering a syllable, we both sank down upon the bench. The poor lad was bathed in perspiration and tears, whilst his face was hot with fever; but after a few moments he disengaged himself from my embrace, and, half suspicious, half terrified, he asked me: 'But are you the priest Marraccini?'

'Yes,' I replied, stroking his cheeks, 'I am the priest Marraccini; you need not be afraid, my son.'

'Bravo! you have done a good act in coming to me.'

'I came solely on your account; therefore, tell me all you want. But first, your name; for I do not think I ever saw you before.'

His lips relaxed into an ingenuous smile, as he answered: 'My name is Attilio. I am the son of Agostino Frosini. You know him; he is a servant in the house of the Marchetti family. My mother is the washerwoman. Do you not know her—down there, on the way to the theatre? I was at school at Master Tozzelli's. But yesterday,' and he lowered his voice, 'I was seized down there by the bishop's palace, and they brought me here.' And he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Hardly knowing what to say, I exhorted him to have courage, and trust in Jesus, assuring him there must be some mistake; and I then asked him if he was in want of anything.

'I am so thirsty,' he said.

I beckoned to the corporal, who had never moved from his position; he went out, soon returning with a flask of water. Attilio carried it so hastily to his mouth, that I was only aware of the neck of the flask being broken, when I perceived the blood from his lips mingling with the water. I asked for a cup, but was refused; and poor Attilio, whilst quenching his burning thirst, had frequently to pause to take breath, swallowing drop by drop, till it went to my heart to see him.

Soon afterwards, he said he was hungry; adding, 'I have not tasted anything since yesterday evening.' I told the corporal, who went out, and returned with a loaf of bread, but which was more black than white. 'For the sake of charity,' I asked, 'allow him a few mouthfuls of soup or a little broth.' The corporal again left the room, and returned with the answer that it was not allowed. I myself then went to the captain, who all this while was standing outside the fortress with the other officers, and asked him the favour, telling him I would go and fetch him the broth; but my entreaties were vain, and I was obliged to return disappointed, and with nothing but that miserable loaf. If drinking had been difficult, eating was still more so. The bread was so hard that I asked for a knife to cut it, but this was likewise denied, and I was obliged to use both hands to break it against the bench.

Whilst Attilio was swallowing a few crumbs, I endeavoured to console him; his answers, which proved the innocent and ingenuous nature of this boy, who had hardly passed sixteen years of age, touched me so deeply that I could scarcely restrain my tears, and in order to conceal them from him, I looked round the room until my eyes accidentally fell on an image of the Virgin which hung against the wall. Attilio, who watched my every movement, instantly perceived my eyes were fixed on something, and asked me what it was.

'I am looking at that image,' I answered; and thinking it might be of use in keeping his thoughts on sacred subjects, I climbed on the bench, took it

down, and bade him look at it, and tell me who it represented. He gazed at it for a moment, and then exclaimed: 'Do I know it? It is the holy mother of Jesus.' Then covering it with kisses and tears, he laid it on his knees. After a few moments he spoke again: 'I too am under the protection of the Virgin. Do you ask if I remember her image? It was only uncovered a few days ago when I made my general confession.'\*

'Well done, Attilio,' I answered; 'you give me comfort. You have already told me you wish to do right, but as you also tell me you have made your general confession, perhaps you would like now to confess again. If you would like to do so, tell me where your confessor lives, and I will at once go and fetch him.'

'My confessor is Bartolini, the sacristan of the church della Madonna; but I do not wish him to come here now, because—in this state!—and he raised his hand to shew me his chain—'I am ashamed! I would rather confess to you. I should like to have my crucifix, which is at home, but it is a long way off.'

'I am quite ready to hear you confess,' I said, 'and to fetch your crucifix; but your house is so far off, that I should have to leave you too long alone. Let me rather go to mine, and fetch my own.' Attilio acquiesced, and assuring him I should soon return, I left him.

As I left the fortress, I found the Austrian captain, and begged he would inform me how I was to regulate my behaviour towards the prisoner.

'I cannot tell you,' he replied; 'we are waiting the arrival of the sentence from Prato.'

'For charity's sake, tell me,' I continued, 'is there any danger of a capital sentence, that I may prepare him for the great change? for, should you not believe the affair so serious, I would not unnecessarily alarm him.'

'But it is precisely because the chances are such that we sent for you. All, however, depends on the general. Act as you think best.'

My sad suspicion that the cup would be bitter, and that Attilio would have to drain it to the dregs, was thus confirmed, and in a painful state of agitation I hastened home in search of my crucifix, and returned to the fortress. Five was striking as I re-entered the guard-room. I found Attilio where I had left him, seated on the bench, with the image of the Virgin laid upon his knees. The corporal and the three Tuscan privates who had mounted guard before, had been removed, and exchanged for the same number of Austrians. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: 'Come here; it seems an age since you went. The soldiers who were here before' (and he lowered his voice) 'whispered to these, and went away. I have had such a fright! When they let me out, I will go to your house. Have you brought me the crucifix?' He took it from my hand, and after examining it, said with a smile: 'It is just like my own'; and then kissing it, and unbuttoning his waistcoat, laid it on his breast, crossed his arms, and remained silent.

After about a quarter of an hour, he raised his face, and glancing round the room, fixed his eyes on mine without speaking, upon which I said: 'I did not wish to distract your thoughts, and have therefore kept silence, as I concluded you were meditating upon the confession you intend making to me.'

'True,' he replied; 'and you will do me a kindness by allowing me now to confess.'

I rose, and requested the corporal and his three soldiers to leave us alone for a short time, but received no answer. I then asked them to retire to the further

\* A ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, which had been performed by the people on the 9th and 10th June 1848, on an occasion when an image of the Virgin, supposed by them to be peculiarly holy, had been uncovered.

end of the room, as they had heard the prisoner express his wish to confess; but none of them moved. Attilio, who had borne with meekness the brutality with which they had denied him every bodily comfort, could not resist a moment of despair at this denial of that consolation he needed for his soul, and let his head drop between his knees. But raising his face again, he took my hand, and led me between the bench and the wall into a corner of the room.

Gentle and resigned to ill-usage, he was about to kneel, when I raised him up, and placing him beside me on the bench, drew my arm round his waist, and laid his head on my shoulder, so as to enable me to hear him without the danger of being overheard by these four inexorable soldiers; and, with the crucifix in his hand, the poor boy began his confession.

Six had struck when he finished, saying to me: 'I do not remember anything more; but before giving me absolution, let me think awhile, lest I should have forgotten something, for I seem hardly to know where my head stands.' Saying this, he pressed his forehead and temples with his hands. As he uttered these words, I felt a cold sweat break out over all my limbs, and an agonising sensation, in the thought that I could neither say nor do anything to relieve him. I could only add: 'My poor son, how thou dost suffer!' And whilst his head sank on my shoulder to find ease from pain, he gradually fell into a quiet slumber.

The bell striking seven woke him from this angelic sleep. Attilio opened his eyes wide, and raising himself, recognised the place he was in, and recollected his miserable condition; he then gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

When he became calm, I left him for a little while, assuring him I would soon return. Again presenting myself to the captain, I asked him if the sentence had arrived. His answer was the same as before, and therefore with my sad presentiment stronger than ever, I returned to Attilio.

I spoke to him of the instability of human affairs, how short and fleeting is this miserable life, and how happy and blessed eternity. I exhorted him, if it ever should be required of him, to resign his life, to die for the love of Jesus, and to pardon his enemies.

'Then,' he exclaimed, 'they intend to murder me; they will put me to death! O my father! O my mother and brothers!'

'Attilio, they may not still condemn you to die; but if Jesus wills it, to lead you to heaven—you have promised to do your duty—you will bear even this with resignation, will you not?'

'Yes,' he replied, bursting into a fit of sobbing.

As it struck eight, we recited together the *Angelus Domini*; he requested to confess again, and I again gave him absolution. After this, I asked him to allow me to go home, to which he quietly consented, but begged me soon to return.

I hastened to the captain, and for the third time asked if he had nothing positive to tell me, informing him that I was on my way home, but would soon return and remain all night, if necessary. He told me I might go, that the sentence might not arrive for some little time, and that if I was wanted, he would let me know.

At a little after nine, Antonio Sarti, sergeant of the Tuscan division of veterans, arrived at my house to summon me to the prisoner. He led me at once into the interior of the fortress. The Austrian captain and the officers were no longer standing at the gate. I found poor Attilio in an open space below, leaning against the wall, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven. He looked like an angel, by the silvery light of the moon. His chain had been removed. Ten or twelve Austrian soldiers, ready armed, formed a half-circle round him; the rest, as in the daytime, were drawn up along the sides of the square.

As soon as I approached him, Attilio asked: 'Is it the priest Marraccini?'

'Yes, it is I.'

'Oh, come and stand beside me; do not leave me again. Look where they have brought me.'

'Courage,' I answered, 'my dear son—courage;' and in order better to support him, I took his hand, and passing my arm round his waist, pressed him to my side.

At beat of drum, the soldiers filed off in two lines, and we were ordered to advance between them; the twelve soldiers who had formed a half-circle before us now falling in behind. When we reached the centre of the square, we were ordered to halt. The line of soldiers drawn up on the left then opened, and we discovered all the officers with their captain standing round a little table. One of them advancing a few steps towards us said: 'Attilio Frosini, your sentence has arrived. I will first read it in German, and then translate it to you in Italian.'

He retired to the table, took up a paper, and holding a lantern in one hand, read its contents aloud—first in German, and then in Italian. It was as follows: 'Attilio Frosini, you have been found guilty of having attempted to induce two of our men to desert, and you are condemned to die by hanging.'—

'God's will be done,' interrupted Attilio.

'But,' continued the officer, 'this being impossible to execute, your sentence is commuted, and you are to be shot. Do you understand?'

'May the will of God be done,' repeated Attilio.

His straw hat, which they had ordered him to take off, now fell from his hand. I stooped to pick it up, and as if he feared to lose me again, he laid hold of the collar of my coat. As I rose, I put his hat on his head for him, took his hand, and assured him I would remain with him to the last.

We again heard the sound of the drum—those preceding us moved forward in a march, and we two, always between two lines of soldiers, and with twelve more following us, proceeded as ordered, towards the little gate which opened on the platform leading to the outer walls of the fortress.

The drums again beat. The two lines of soldiers stood still, the officers with the captain advanced, ordering Attilio and myself to follow. We were immediately surrounded by the escort of ten or twelve soldiers. As we passed beneath the gate, I remembered the crucifix, and I took it from Attilio's breast, where he had replaced it after he had confessed. As I gave it into his hand, one of the soldiers of the escort asked me what I was about.

'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'Look at it; it is the image of the Saviour, whose eyes can pierce even this darkness.'

As soon as we reached the platform, Attilio was ordered to advance a few steps, and turn his face towards the little gate by which we had entered. The soldiers of the escort were drawn up there, with the captain and officers beside them.

One of them now approached Attilio, and offered to take off his waistcoat; but Attilio would not allow the soldier to touch him, and turning to me, gently asked me to help him. He was next ordered to take off his hat and cravat. I took them off, and threw them, with the waistcoat, at the feet of the Austrians. They told him to kneel down, and approached to bind his eyes. But here I interfered, and turning to the captain, said: 'I desire to be left a moment alone with this unhappy boy, for the duties of my sacred office.' I did not wish to detain them above a minute, for I should only have prolonged his agony. The captain accordingly ordered the soldiers to fall back, saying that the sentence should not be executed until I had moved from beside the prisoner.

I knelt down, and with a few words which Jesus alone could have placed upon my lips in that moment of anguish, I exhorted him to be resigned, and to lay

down his life in the sure hope of immediately being with Jesus in Paradise; I urged him to forgive his murderers; and Attilio pronounced their forgiveness aloud. We repeated together the words Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, and then embraced. He pressed my hand whilst uttering these holy words: 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.' They were his last.

I rose, and then, O God! what a moment! I stepped on one side, and with one hand pointing to heaven, I raised the other in the act of blessing, saying: 'In the name of Divine Omnipotence and Justice, I absolve thee of thy sins.' The Austrians' reply to these words was an explosion like thunder. We both fell to the ground—Attilio dead, and I in a faint, from whence a false report arose that I had been wounded.

When I recovered, I found myself outside the fortress, and I heard ten o'clock striking. The Austrian captain and the officers insisted on accompanying me home. When I reached my door, my crucifix was restored to me. The silver setting and the lower part of the cross were blackened where the powder had struck it. I preserve it as a precious relic, with the last words of Attilio, 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.'

With these words, the account of the priest Marraccini ends. The following day, he visited the mother of the poor boy, and found her in a state bordering on distraction. She, however, survived her son six years; but his father went raving mad, and died in the lunatic asylum of Florence in 1857.

The formal notification of Attilio Frosini's crime and its punishment was published in the following words by Lieutenant-colonel Francesco de Mayer. 'Attilio Frosini, native of Pistoia, aged seventeen years, having been convicted by eye-witnesses, and by his own confession, of having been guilty of the crime of illegal attempt at enlistment [he was only sixteen years of age, and had just seventeen quattrini\* in his pocket], has been condemned to be shot by the sentence of a court-martial. The execution took place that same day at 9 P.M. The crime of illegal attempt at enlistment was committed upon the Austrian troops, who were therefore under the necessity of executing the sentence.'

PISTOIA, 1st July 1860.

FRANCESCO DE MAYER,  
Lieutenant-colonel.'

Notification of the sentence of death placarded on the walls of the city of Pistoia:

'Attilio Frosini, a Pistoian, convicted of, and having confessed himself guilty of, the attempt to induce two Austrian soldiers to desert, and to fight for the so-called cause of Rome, besides uttering repeated insults during his examination against the imperial and royal troops; against their commander-in-chief, Field-marshal Radetzky; and against the colours of the regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles, thus exhibiting a depravity which deprived him of all claims to consideration, has been, by the sentence of a court-martial, condemned for the crime of illegal attempt at enlistment, to be hung. All are aware of the gravity of such a crime, as few are ignorant of the spirit of anarchy and hatred of the legitimate government cherished by a large number of the inhabitants of the city of Pistoia; a spirit of anarchy and a hatred which has recently led to the assassination of the notary Vincenzo Piccioli† [who never was assassinated]. As

\* A quattrino is about half a farthing.

† Vincenzo Piccioli was a spy, who had received, as a reward for his services, the office of Protocoll Notarialis for Tuscany. He continued his office of spy until the police were disbanded, and his house was the nocturnal haunt and focus of men of his class and occupation. During the absence of the grand duke, the liberal party in power let him alone; but as soon as the grand duke returned, he hastened to offer his services to the Austrian general, with a list of the inhabitants of Pistoia accused

a salutary means to intimidate the wicked, and as a warning to all, be it publicly known that the said sentence was executed on the 29th day of the past month at Pistoia, and that in the absence of the hangman, the prisoner was shot.—Imperial and Royal Colonel in command of the Regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles.

WEILER.

PRATO, 2d July 1849.'

To the honour of the inhabitants of Pistoia, be it told that neither menaces nor bribes could induce one of them to placard this iniquitous sentence on the walls of the town, and finally the Austrian commander had to resort to an agent of the lowest description.

The body of Attilio Frosini was so carelessly buried, that a few days later, one of the elbows was seen protruding from the earth. A man of the name of Angiolo Cottino, employed within the fortress, had some lime thrown on the spot, to prevent the body being devoured by dogs, which was the more probable, as almost every Austrian had his dog with him. Cottino twice attempted to set up a wooden cross to mark the spot, but it was each time removed by the Austrians. He finally painted a red cross on the adjoining wall.

On the 12th June 1860, when Leopold II. had been again obliged to leave Florence, after his attempt to fire upon the city, and when liberty was restored, with the hope of a new era under a new sovereign, and with a united Italy, Baron Bettino Ricasoli, then governor-general of Tuscany, gave permission for the mortal remains of the youth Attilio Frosini, who had been shot by the sentence of an Austrian court-martial, to be disinterred, that they might receive Christian burial. Accordingly, in the presence of the priest Marraccini, and of eleven of the magistrates and principal persons of Pistoia, on the evening of the 28th June 1860, search was made in the ground near the spot indicated by the red cross painted on the wall; and the bones having been found, they were wrapped in a linen cloth, and placed in a wooden coffin. Conveyed to the chapel of the fortress, the remains were next consigned to the care of the commander, until the funeral rites were prepared. On the 2d July, the coffin, covered by a rich pall, and surmounted by the crucifix he had held to his lips at his death, and which was now covered with wreaths of flowers, was borne by the members of the Confraternity of Mercy, and followed by an immense concourse of people, to the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Pistoia. A funeral oration was pronounced over the grave by the priest Marraccini, whilst the inhabitants of Prato, from whence the sentence of Attilio Frosini's death had been sent, now sent their token of sympathy, in a crown of flowers, to be laid on the grave, and a letter in the following words, addressed to their fellow-countrymen at Pistoia:

PRATO, 2d July 1860.

'INHABITANTS OF PISTOIA.—On this day, when you gather to the sepulchre the sacred mortal remains of Attilio Frosini, who, eleven years ago, fell an innocent victim, in the flower of his age and hopes, to German vengeance, we, the undersigned, offer you, in the name of the entire city of Prato, a crown of flowers, begging you to place it on the sepulchre of this Italian martyr. It is the intention of the city of Prato, upon the sad anniversary of the cruel death of Attilio Frosini, annually to renew this humble offering, which, whilst it attests our remembrance of this sacrifice of the life of your fellow-citizen, will likewise be a solemn protest against the many and unheard-of cruelties committed against this sacred

of republican opinions. He went about publicly with the Austrian officers, and even openly pointed out to them such of his countrymen who might be put on the list of suspected persons. One night, returning home, he was slightly wounded by an unknown hand. Far from having been killed, he asked and obtained leave to quit the country, and eight years afterwards, repassed the Alps, and returned home.



land of Italy by the iniquitous and expiring House of Hapsburg, &c.

Inscription on the tomb of Attilio Frosini: 'At the age of sixteen, this gentle and innocent youth could not escape the ferocity of the Austrian. ATTILIO FROSINI, contrary to all law and justice, and to the horror of this city, was shot on the 29th June 1849. God, who vindicates the oppressed, laid low the atrocious foreigner at Solferino.—The people of Pistoia, to perpetuate the shame of his murderers, removed the ashes of the martyr, on the 2d day of July 1860, from unconsecrated earth, to this sacred spot. We confide this victim of the insulting destroyers of our independence to the pious and patriotic love which has, through blood and suffering, reconquered the national flag.'

Over the doors of the church are inscribed these words: 'To the ashes of ATTILIO FROSINI, sixteen years of age, who, though without arms, and obedient to the laws, was, by an Austrian council of war, with inhuman ferocity, thirsting for Italian blood, sentenced to death. The bullets of the barbarians pierced his young breast on the 29th June 1849. Pistoia was then panic-struck at the enormity of the crime, but now, having reconquered her liberty, she raises this memorial of the wicked assassination; and as some reparation to the insult offered to her laws, she here bestows on him this solemn and sacred sepulture.'

2d July 1860.'

#### THE LONGEST MONTH IN MY LIFE.

I AM a married man, and one who, in that capacity, has seen many moons beside the honeymoon; but the longest month in my life by far took place when I was a bachelor. It is true that I was in love during the period in question, but it was not the frantic expectation of coming bliss which clogged the wheels of time. My beautiful and accomplished Eliza had nothing to do with it. We are not so wrapped up in one another as we used to be, and there are even vulgar persons in the village who assert that I sometimes 'hide' Eliza (which is ridiculously false); but at that time no man could idolise her more: however, I repeat, it was not she, nor the anticipation of her, which put the break upon the train of life so sharp and strong. The passion which for thirty days protracted my existence so painfully, was one more potent even than that of love—it was that of Abject Terror.

Some males are absurdly proud and boastful of their physical courage, always imagining that somebody has called it in question, breathing forth fire and slaughter against persons of more diminutive stature than themselves on the slightest provocation; lustful for combat; for ever sharpening their teeth. For my part, any assumption of this kind would be as misplaced as though a gentleman without a nose should plume himself upon his personal charms. The delicacy of my organisation is so extreme, that the snapping of a percussion-cap in my neighbourhood—let alone powder and ball—has been sufficient, from my youth up, to cast me into a profuse perspiration, while the excessive refinement of my mind has still further increased this peculiarity. I am like a magnificent race-horse which has been overtrained (although, indeed, if it comes to speed, I could hold my own with the bravest); but I am no *hors de combat*—no battle-charger. If I were a man-of-war, I should make as good a *running-fight* as any ship in her Majesty's service; but for any other species of combat, let me climb a tree, and look on.

The satisfaction which my known disinclination for battle has diffused among my male acquaintance, is universal. If I had designedly consulted the greatest happiness of the greatest number, I could not have conferred that boon more universally.

Man is a bully, who is never so pleased as when he is flapping his wings over some other cock of the walk who has succumbed to him; and at my approach there was not one in our village circle who did not begin to crow.

Major Blazer, late of the Plungers, but now retired to this pastoral solitude of Tintyon Parva, inflated himself as I drew near, as if he were an aeronaut about to ascend, who carried his balloon inside him. It did not displease me to feel morally certain that I was indirectly hastening the major on to his natural doom of apoplexy. He hectorcd, he domineered, he turned all sorts of colours, in his tremendous superiority, and, in fact, behaved himself in all respects after the manner of a farm-yard turkey-cock; nay, he was inferior to that foolish bird, inasmuch as the major would never have been good eating, although you might have easily 'devilled' his legs with the expressions he made use of. He had some, more or less, Satanic expletive for his each particular limb and feature; and when he had consigned them all to perdition, he used to begin with mine. If, in short, the major was a specimen of them, our troops had not degenerated in the accomplishment of bad language since the days in which they swore so terribly in Flanders. My unassuming presence incited this warrior, I felt convinced, to coin anathemas, and therefore, for his own sake, as well as my own, I kept out of his way as much as possible.

Dr Carvem, who hated the major because he habitually designated the medical portion of his late profession as Sawboneses, and who will, I know, defer the opening of his vein, when that apoplexy does come, as long as he decently can, yet joined with the dismounted Plunger in tramping upon my moral carcass. After having been walked over (in spurs) at Powderham Cottage, the doctor would come on to No. 1 Pigeon Villas, and take it out on me.

Our rector, the Rev. Dubble Fyst, was as combative as either of these, and derived an equal pleasure from my company. The circle of society for which that divine was intended by nature is, I feel convinced, the prize-ring; and although he is always talking about his 'cloth,' I have never seen one rag of it about him, except, indeed, he means the table-cloth—for he is the best trencher-man in Tintyon Parva.

'If it were not for my cloth, sir,' he would say, swinging his colossal right arm, or exhibiting to me the muscles thereof, as though he were my hired model, 'I would astonish that man. He should not poach twice in my spinney, sir.' And if Mr F. were to publish his 'Short Way with Dissenters,' it would be a very striking performance indeed.

When these three gentlemen met to play at cards, and I was the fourth, it may be conjectured that the evening did not pass rapidly; but long as that long whist often was, the longest month in my life was not passed in that amusement, as many an evening was, amid the contempt of my adversaries, and the unnatural detestation of my partner. My four weeks' misery lies at the door of no human being.

'Ghosts!' murmurs the fair reader beneath her breath, as she edges nearer to the bell-handle; 'it is going to be a ghost-story, after all.'

'No, madam; your exquisite intuition has failed you for this once. Ghosts have given me many a long night, which, added together, would doubtless make up a month, and more. I have dreamed of them; I have awakened, and sat up in bed to think of them, to listen for them; I have met them (or something very like them) both indoors and out of doors after nightfall, to the great disturbance of my equanimity, but, nevertheless, it was not a ghost which made that month so long.

It was neither man, nor woman,  
It was neither ghost nor human,

nor was it a ghoul. It was a dog, madam, a great black dog, which went raving mad in the month appointed by the calendar for dogs to do so, and *bis me in the leg*.

Some persons are fond of dogs, or, at least, are gifted with a natural indifference to them. Their bark does not cause any thrill of terror; their objectionable habit of sniffing about one's ankles excites no apprehension; but it is quite otherwise with me. Many a picturesque ruin have I omitted to explore in my artist rambles, deterred by the presence of a dog; and many a country inn have I passed by fasting for the same reason. It is true that there were often 'people about' (as the saying is) in these cases, who would have doubtless called off the rapacious animal, had he attacked me; but called him off from *what*? From my mangled remains, which he would very likely not be permitted to devour, but not from my unscathed and original form. Many a guinea—he condescends in reality to take 10s. 6d., but both doctor and patients prefer to speak of the fee as though it were two fees—many a guinea of mine, I say, has Dr Carvem missed through keeping that horrid terrier pup which used to sit and snarl at his garden gate, until it was one day devoured at a gulp by the rector's Newfoundland dog. Rather than encounter the small but ferocious creature in question, I have often taken a long country walk instead of his master's advice, and cured my indigestion without a dinner-pill from his dispensary. If he had kept a cat instead, it would have been a clear ten pound a year in his pocket, not to mention the absence of dog-tax—the wisest impost, by the by, in my opinion, that was ever laid by a patriotic parliament upon a country that does not know what is good for it.

What was far worse, however, than the doctor's keeping a dog, was that Jonathan Outlands of the Home Farm, the father of my then beautiful Eliza, kept a couple. They used to sit on either side of his garden gate, like the lions in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and I was Mr Faintheart, who never dared pass between them to ring the bell. I daresay Eliza thought me very remiss on the days when I didn't call; but although I would readily have gone through fire and water (in moderation) to oblige her, I could not face the terrible creatures, Jock and Jumbo. These huge black beasts delighted in contest, for, as Dr Watts observes (who, of all poets, understands dogs best), 'it was their nature to'; and when they had no one else to growl at, they absolutely growled at one another; this I *know*, for I have heard them scores of times, when they doubtless believed themselves to be alone, as I stood behind the angle of the wall waiting for somebody to bear me company through the perilous pass they guarded. I never knew the creatures apart—which was Jock and which was Jumbo—nor, indeed, was it necessary that I should do so, since they were always together. My Eliza pretended to be very fond of them, but from the first I gave her to understand that she must choose between me and them—'Love me, love my two black dogs,' being too great an expansion of the proverbial demand to be tolerated for a moment.

It was August, and the weather was more than usually 'seasonable,' which is the expression, I believe, used by all well-regulated persons, when it is either too cold in winter, or too hot in summer. The tiles of No. 1 Pigeon Villas were like those of a Dutch oven; the white road threw back the heat into our first-floor windows like a meat-screen. All Tynnton Parva was baked; its thin folks were dried up like mummies, its fat folks simmered and shone. Major Blazer's purple countenance glistened as he moved, like one of his own cucumber glasses. A public meeting was convened, to consider the propriety of muzzling all dogs whatsoever, and I need not say upon which side my vote, my interest, and my eloquence were enlisted; but the major (out of mere bravado, for he kept no

dog) was dead against us; so was the master of the terrier pup, of course; and so was the Rev. Dubble Fyst. This last gentleman pooch-pooched every precaution with a contempt that was positively indecent. 'He was afraid,' he said, 'of no dog living, either mad or sane. If people would only understand how to treat these animals, the smallest child might subdue the most dangerous of mastiffs. A little switch of hazel or willow was all that was required. He was imagining an extreme case; but when the dog made its leap at your throat (sensation), all you had to do was to strike its fore-feet sharply with the switch, and the creature would instantly turn tail and flee.'

The parson was known to be an eminently practical man, and his speech was conclusive; the dogs went about unmuzzled, and the men with hazel switches and directions for use. Even I carried a little switch about myself, although with the same belief in its efficacy as in that of a divining-rod. In the middle of August 18—, I was returning from a country walk with my portfolio under my arm: the day had been deliciously passed in a certain beech-wood, where I had been making a 'study' of a tree for dear Eliza's album. I was not aware how intensely warm it had been (for copper beeches do not get red hot), until I left the wood and reached the blinding road, which had been receiving the rays of the sun for so many hours: the ground almost scorched my feet: in five minutes I became as 'dusty and deliquescent' as any of Sydney Smith's stout female clergy, for there was not shade enough on either side the way to accommodate a thermometer; and I was at least a mile and a half from Pigeon Villas. Suddenly I heard distant shouts, and that sort of tumult which is called in old stage directions 'an excursion.' There was certainly something of an exciting nature occurring in the village. It could not be the mummers, because they only appear at Christmas; nor could it be Jack-in-the-Green, who belongs only to May; and unless for these excitements, Tynnton Parva was sunk in torpor all the year round. Presently, I heard a gun go off, which caused me to regret that I had left the shelter of the beech-wood so far behind me. What *could* have happened? I did not believe the French had landed, for they would scarcely have dared to do so during Major Blazer's lifetime; but I did think that there possibly might be a general rising of the peasantry. For all that I knew, Tynnton Parva, and what was worse, Miss Eliza Outlands of the Home Farm, might be in the very arms of revolution. A horseman at full speed comes fleeing from the scene of disorder. 'The yeomanry then,' said I to myself, 'are routed, and the poaching portion of the community are probably roasting the Rev. Dubble Fyst and my future brother-in-law before a slow fire.' I had always warned them that their game-preserving would lead to something of this sort. As the man drew near, I recognised in him a farmer in the neighbourhood, and called out to know what was the matter. 'Oh! nothing,' answered he, as he fled by; 'only a mad dog. One of Mr Jonathan Outland's black uns is running a muck.'

I sat down in the dry ditch by the roadside, and mopped my forehead. Only a mad dog! Good Heavens, had it already bitten Eliza! Had it bitten that little cur at the doctor's door which *lay between home and me*? These horrible apprehensions were absorbed by a danger so terrible, so real, that the hair of my head arose, and swayed tremulously from side to side, as a field of corn is agitated by contrary winds. I beheld upon the horizon of the road a speck, a dot, a comma (alas, it was far from being a full stop), which approaching with hideous velocity, expanded, and disclosed a black dog running with its tongue out—the always abominable Jumbo, and now MAD.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in my own bed at No. 1 Pigeon Villas. I saw this very



literally 'with half an eye,' for I felt too exhausted to thoroughly arouse myself, and as soon as I had become aware of my position, I shut the lid again, and gave myself up to reflection. A dull aching pain in my left calf materially assisted my memory in recalling what had happened, and there was a suppressed hum of conversation about me, which supplied the rest.

'He was first seen by my dashed gardener,' exclaimed a pompous voice familiar to me, 'running like the devil's own, and ejaculating: "That dashed Jumbo has bitten me; run for a dashed Sawbones."'

'Mr Palette has his faults, sir, but he does not swear,' returned Mr Dubble Fyst sternly. 'No man shall swear in my company, major, mind that; no matter who he is.'

'Right, sir,' assented a third voice, tremulous with passion; 'nor is Mr Palette accustomed to apply scandalous and ignominious terms to a profession which in all ages has obtained the respect and'—

'Come, come,' interrupted a fourth person, who was no other than Mr Jonathan Oatlands himself; 'do not wrangle, gentlemen, over what may be a dead man before the day is out. It is your place to advise, Dr Carvem, and ours to assist you to the best of our power. Now, what is to be done?'

'The only effectual remedy in cases of this kind,' observed the doctor, 'is excision of the wounded part, and that, I am afraid, has been already deferred too long: that twitching of the leg you see affords presumptive evidence of the virus having entered into the system. Still—I have not my instruments with me, but if the poker is in the kitchen-fire, something may yet be done by cauterisation.'

'Stop!' cried I, with vehemence, starting up in bed, and addressing the company; 'listen to me, and desist from your fiendish purpose, for I am not mad at present, and what I say I mean. If you venture so much as to lay a finger on me, you, sir, or you, or you, I'll bite!' and I opened my jaws, to illustrate this threat, to the uttermost.

In an instant, the room was cleared, and I had sprung out of bed and locked the door. They had fled from me, those braggarts, like chaff before the wind. The brutal and licentious warrior, the fighting parson, the cold-blooded disciple of science, the stubborn and hard-handed agriculturist—ha, ha, ha, ha! Gracious goodness, why did I laugh like that? Was I then already lunatic? Was Jumbo even now permeating my system? Yes; I could not conceal from myself that I felt a sort of longing to go upon all-fours; to smell things; to throw back my head, and howl at the shades of evening, as was the nightly habit of that abominable animal. Panic-stricken, I crept between the sheets again, and tried to think that I was only retiring to rest a little earlier than usual, and that there was nothing the matter.

There came a knock at the door.

'Mr Palette,' said the doctor through the keyhole, 'we mean you no harm: the time is gone by for the operation you seem so much to dread. Open the door, and, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself; your reason and your life alike depend upon your keeping mind and body tranquil. Pray, open the door.'

To this request, with the proviso, that his myrmidons should take their departure forthwith, I consented, and Dr Carvem examined the wound. It was a perfectly visible dog-bite, but inconsiderable in extent, and unattended with much inflammation.

'Is it not possible that the cloth of the trousers may have wiped the virus from his teeth?' inquired I with anxiety. 'He merely made a snap in passing, as I lifted up that ridiculous switch to keep him off.'

'A snap!' sighed the doctor despondingly; 'ah, that's an almost certain sign of *rabies*. No, Mr Palette, it would only be cruel to deceive you. I knew a case which occurred to a lady of the first fashion—a patient of my own, sir—whose clothes

were torn by a dog in a similar condition; he never so much as touched her skin at all. The lady sewed up the rent with impunity, but unfortunately bit off the thread with her teeth, and the mischief was done. She refused hock and soda-water—her favourite drink, sir—upon the thirteenth day, and I had the honour of forming part of the funeral *cortège*, which was upon a style—— But you must compose yourself, Mr Palette—you must, indeed. Now, what I was about to suggest is this: do you think you could bear a kettleful of boiling water poured slowly on this little abrasion? for, indeed, it is nothing more. This is the very best remedy, with the exception of the actual cautery which science has suggested; but it requires a little firmness on the part of the patient. If you will permit me to confine your arms and legs with this bell-rope—— Lem-me-go, Mr Paladale—lemmegoisir—my did-di-dear friend, let me go.'

I had very nearly suffocated the man. I had leaped from my couch, and pinned him by the neck to the wall. His cravat was always tight, and I had almost made an end of him. Boiling water, indeed!

'Beware,' cried I—'beware lest you taste of my despair, and learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare!'

I saw the doctor's cold eye quail before me as I executed a sort of war-dance of defiance in my day-shirt. This hectoring fellow was but a coward, then, after all. 'Now,' cried I, 'tell me the worst, or perish, Dr Carvem. Mention the very earliest time at which, if I am to die, the madness will make itself apparent.'

'No man has ever exhibited the disease *as yet*,' murmured the doctor tremulously, 'before the eleventh day.'

I retreated once more to my pillow, prostrated and unnerved. Ten days of agonising indecision! It would be enough to drive a man mad, even if he had not been bitten at all!

'And what is the earliest period at which you will be able to certify me out of danger?'

'Not till this day month,' returned the doctor solemnly: 'a month is the very earliest at which I could risk my reputation by a decision.'

It was *this*, as may well be imagined, which was the Longest Month in my Life. I was perpetually feeling my jaw, to discover whether it was getting locked or no. Whenever I took the least chill, I imagined it to be that rigor which is one of the worst features of hydrophobia. When I had the slightest disinclination to take my usual quantity of sherry, the misfortune of that lady of fashion who had omitted to use scissors was brought to my remembrance, as it were, by a hearse and six. If there was the slightest itching where the mark of the bite had been (for it soon disappeared), I gave myself up for lost. The only satisfaction I enjoyed during this awful period, was that of imposing terror on those who had once played the bully over me.

I walked into the parish church one afternoon, while the Rev. Dubble Fyst was christening an infant, and he could scarcely get through the service for sheer fright. He shook so that I thought he would have dropped the babe; and all because I looked a little wild, and asked whether there was much *water in the font*.

The doctor passed his daily visits to me in a state of abject trepidation.

I had been forbidden by Mr Oatlands to come near the Home Farm, 'until my malady had declared itself, or I was safe' (a most ridiculous alternative); but I walked into his oak parlour, and demanded to see my Eliza, like some feudal baron addressing his meanest vassal, and Eliza came. I explained to her that I should abstain from kissing her, for fear of the possible consequences of contagion, and the dear girl assented to that prudential resolution without a murmur.

It was the evening of the last day of this long, long month that I sat with the Beloved Object in the yew-tree arbour of the garden of the Home Farm. With the morrow's sun I should welcome, as it were, a new existence: safe and sane, I might then venture to look forward to live a life like other men. I was on the threshold of happiness, and felt almost as secure as though I had passed it. I could even converse upon the calamity which had so deeply darkened the last few weeks of my life with comparative calmness. I was describing how full of the thought of my Eliza I had been, how elastic my step, how joyous my whole being, when the black dog Jumbo, like some wicked magician, had appeared on the horizon, and blasted all things.

'The village clock,' said I, with dramatic emphasis, 'had tolled the solemn hour of five'—

'Nay, love, it must have been long before five,' interposed Eliza.

'Excuse me, dearest,' rejoined I; 'I not only heard the clock strike, but compared it with my own watch at the time. My last feeling of consciousness in connection with Jumbo was that he appeared in sight exactly at five o'clock. Although I was at some distance, I heard the chimes distinctly, and they reminded me, dearest, of marriage-bells.'

'Our Jumbo was shot before five o'clock, I know,' asserted Eliza, with greater positiveness than, at that time, I could have imagined her capable of exhibiting. 'Then he bit me after death,' returned I with calmness.

A terrible suspicion flitted across the beautiful countenance of my Eliza.

'The Ides of March, or at least of September, are come,' thought she; 'but they are not yet gone. My Augustus is losing his senses after all.'

I perceived her suspicions, but thought it better to make no observation.

'And what is become of Jock?' asked I, with indifference.

'Alas,' said she, with a little tremor in her tone, 'nothing has been heard of that poor dog from that day to this. He took the Beechwood road at full speed the instant that his unhappy brother was despatched, and mortal eye has not since lit upon him.'

'Yes, it has,' cried I, with a jubilant shout, and leaping a foot or two into the air—'yes, it has, my Eliza. Don't be afraid. This eye has lit upon him. I see it all now. There has never been the slightest chance of my going mad. It was Jock that I met, and not Jumbo. The shot I heard in the village was the latter animal's death-knell. I shall now proceed to kiss you, my Eliza. Don't be afraid.'

The next half hour in that yew-tree arbour was by very far the shortest thirty minutes in that month. I subsequently walked home on air, upborne by Cupid's wings. As I passed Powderham Cottage, I saw Major Blazer walking in his garden, and a sudden yearning for revenge took possession of me. In an instant, I had vaulted over the little gate, and was by his side. To say he started would be to give but a feeble idea of the jump he gave.

'Ha, ha!' cried I maniacally, 'a beautiful morning, is it not? (It being then about 9 o'clock P.M.) How nice the sun shines, don't it?'

'Ye-ye-yes,' stammered the major, looking towards his door. 'It shines dashed nicely.'

'Major Blazer,' returned I, with fiendish malignity, 'you lie, and you know it. It is evening, sir; nay, it is night. Boo!'

'Ye-ye-yes, sir; it is night.'

I saw he was looking for a weapon, and got between him and a spade that was sticking in the flower-bed.

'I am come to tea with you,' exclaimed I with enthusiasm. 'I cannot touch wine or even water to-day, somehow, but I fancy I could touch tea. I don't think it would give me those strange spasmodic twitchings that other liquids do. Ha, Ha, HA!'

The major's purple countenance had changed to a livid whiteness. He could scarcely keep his legs, they trembled so as he edged backwards.

His fingers were, however, upon the door-handle as I made my grand coup.

'Do you observe anything in my cough, major, besides its being musical?' And I coughed as much as possible in imitation of the canine species. 'Do you know, Dr Carvem says'—

In another instant, the door was slammed with the utmost violence in my face, and I heard the major putting up the chain, and calling for his pistols.

'Ha, ha!' shrieked I, 'you're nothing but a fat coward.' And finishing with three decided barks through the keyhole, I hurried home.

The Longest Month in my Life was thus satisfactorily ended, and it has since borne fruits of the most agreeable character; I do not so much refer to my marriage with Eliza, as to the increased respect with which I am treated by the three magnificos of Tynnton Parva. Before I was bitten by Jumbo (as was supposed), I was at a disadvantage in their company. They had found out my weak point, and I was not aware that such doughty individuals as they possessed such a thing. But now, on the slightest approach to hectoring on the part of any one of them, I have merely to cough in a certain significant and dog-like manner, and they change colour, and are civil upon the instant. They remember that I have seen them all with their white feathers on in that Longest Month of my Life.

#### A GLANCE AT THE MALAYS.

ONE of the oldest philosophers on record observes that men always speculate most confidently on the subjects which they understand least; and we may refer, by way of illustration, to the opinions from time to time put forward on the origin, character, customs, and manners of the Malays. From an examination of much that has been written in connection with this question, we are inclined to adopt the theory that the race originated in Sumatra, probably when it formed part of a continent, since in a great measure submerged, and thence flowed eastwards and southwards, mingling as it went with indigenous populations, or in some cases, perhaps, exterminating them, and taking possession of their lands. From the chaos of views and notions prevailing among ethnologists, it seems impossible to extract materials for coming to a decision respecting the race from which they sprang. Judging from features and structure, we might be tempted to refer them to the Mongol family of nations, while their languages and superstitions, bearing a closer resemblance to those of India, are with difficulty reconcilable to such a conclusion. The inquiry may be said to be perplexed by the introduction of Mohammedanism into the Archipelago, because, wherever the religion of Arabia takes root, it either extinguishes the original superstitions of the people, or imparts to them features so entirely new, that they are scarcely to be recognised by those who were acquainted with them in their old forms.

Of all Malays, however, it may be confidently affirmed, that they are by nature addicted to piracy, which, like our own ancestors, both Saxon and Danish, as well as the Greeks of the heroic ages, they regard as an honourable calling. None of the races of mankind can perhaps be said, upon the whole, to have had their lot cast in more pleasant places. What the old continent of Southern Asia may have been, it is now impossible for us to conjecture; but since its lowlands have

been submerged, and its mountains only remain above water, it may truly be said to surpass all other regions of the globe in picturesque beauty, and the splendour of its vegetation. In the heart of the torrid zone, it has mountains whose peaks rise almost to the level of perpetual snow, while among the islands, which, according to the Arabs, amount in number to twelve thousand, there are many which appear to float like baskets of flowers and verdure on the tranquil bosom of the sea. Over these shining expanses, and between these isles of emerald, the Malays, in remote times, steered their exploring prahus, settling where they found no aborigines, or exterminating them where they existed. This process took place long before the advent of Mohammed, while all the East lay enveloped in the folds of paganism. When the Isles of the Gentiles, stretching eastwards from the golden Chersonese, had been thus peopled, men from Arabia appeared in great ships, bearing with them the civilisation of Western Asia, and the religion of that great reformer, whose tenets are still maintained by more than a fourth of the human race, and are actually, while we write, diffusing themselves over nearly the whole continent of Africa, where they are destined, probably, to accomplish an immense revolution.

The Moslems of the Archipelago were from the first elevated by their religion above the other natives, whom they immediately reduced to subjection, though probably at the outset they belonged to the same stock, and consequently shared the same superstitions. In Sumatra, in Java, in Borneo, in Celebes, and the Moluccas, they constitute the dominant caste; and in the midst of barbarism, preserve some tincture of civilisation, by sending pilgrim representatives to the holy land of their faith, Arabia, that great workshop of religions, which has fabricated the creeds of more than half the world. Yet the Malays are everywhere in a state of decadence; their empires have sunk to kingdoms; their kingdoms have dwindled into provinces; and a handful of Europeans would suffice to snatch the sceptre from the hands of the most powerful of their princes. In the traditional history of the Arabs, we find mention of maritime adventurers who, while exploring the unknown seas of the East, found superb cities and populous kingdoms where there now exists but one vast expanse of jungle, dotted here and there with mouldering but mighty ruins, which attest the magnificence of former times. Even when the Portuguese began their first navigations, they found in the great island of Borneo a sultan of extraordinary power and opulence, who held under his sway innumerable petty princes, and lived in a style of grandeur which the Malays of the present day would, if it were described to them, regard as fabulous.

People engaged in public transactions are sometimes said to be making history, because they occasionally perform actions to which history condescends to impart perpetuity; but unless through the influence of this magic power, their lives would be as unimportant and uninteresting as those of so many baboons. Of all that the Malays did and suffered in the Twelve Thousand Islands before the arrival of Europeans, scarcely anything is known. When they issued from the highlands of Menangkabau—when they received the truths of El Islam—when they commenced their subjugating career—what empires they established, what capital cities they founded, what battles they fought, what scientific processes they invented, what loves they loved, what poems they composed to celebrate them—are all buried in oblivion, save, as we

have said, a few mighty ruins, and the sweet echoes of rich poetry, which sweep like the music of a broken harp in deep wild gushes over the popular mind, and recall to the degenerate Malays of these times the passion and power of their ancestors. Races, like the political states in which they embody their greatness, degenerate and fade away. In spite, therefore, of the ugliness of the females whom we now behold in the Archipelago, we may very well believe that there existed in former times beautiful Malay princesses, who inspired all who beheld them with love. That such changes in races do actually take place, is evident from the physiological phenomena witnessed in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean, where, in Crete, in Cyprus, and in the Cyclades, the women we meet no more resemble those of ancient times, than the Malays of Brunei do those of fourteen centuries ago. Ethnologists, however, in spite of the experience of travellers, persist in circulating through Europe extremely erroneous opinions of these people, whom they represent as weak, thin, and emaciated. In reality, the Malays are a short, square-built, stout, and large-limbed race, and often even inclined to obesity. One of the writers, for example, of the English rajah of Sarawak weighs twenty-two stone, while many of the opulent Nacodahs of Brunei are as fat as so many aldermen.

From the nature of the Malay diet, such a result might hardly, perhaps, have been expected, since they are remarkable for their moderation in food. In the choice, too, of their provisions, they display extreme delicacy, subsisting much on rice and other vegetable substances, which, with whatever else they eat, are so skilfully prepared and so well adapted to their constitutions and the climate, that they are ignorant of the meaning of indigestion. In consequence, also, of the nature of their food and of their excessive cleanliness, their persons and their breath smell like a nosegay. This may, in part perhaps, be owing to the chewing of the leaves of the betel vine, mixed with the areka-nut, gambice, and chunam, or lime prepared from sea-shells, which, though it spoils their teeth, and gives their mouths the appearance of running over with blood, has so cleansing and purifying a property, that, while it gently stimulates, it imparts a delicate aroma to the breath. Its effect upon the teeth is to blacken them, which, in the case of women, it does the more easily, inasmuch as immediately before marriage they file them down almost to the gums, and, by destroying the enamel, facilitate the entrance of the colouring fluid. A distinguished naturalist has observed that the tongue, the gums, and the palate are in all individuals of the Malay race of a dark-violet colour, like those of the small spaniels of King Charles's breed. Assuming this to be a natural characteristic, he contends that the Mexicans and Peruvians, in whom the same appearance is observable, must have been of Malay origin, and adduces, by way of confirmation, a very doubtful circumstance, namely, that Spanish ladies of Andalusia and Granada with American blood in them, present the same violet colour. Again, in the Isle of France, ladies of noble birth betray their spurious origin by this dark token of Asiatic intermixture. Such a theory would be extremely interesting if it were based on fact; but unluckily the whole structure falls to the ground, since the violet tinge arises, not from anything in race or blood, but from the practice of chewing betel, for children and young persons do not exhibit it till they have taken to the prevailing custom.

Another error respecting these people is, that they subsist chiefly on sago. They no doubt prepare and export it in immense quantities, but never make use of it as an article of food till they fail to obtain rice, for which it forms a tolerable substitute. Still more unfounded is the notion that they are addicted to intoxication. Mohammedans all over the world



abhor inebriating liquors, and make it a point of honour, as well as of religion, to quench their thirst with water, so that no follower of the Arabian prophet is ever beheld disgracing his nature by imitating a hog. The unconverted Malays, who, in Borneo, are denominated Dyaks, manufacture various spirituous liquors, and, like our Saxon forefathers, consider it permissible, during certain great festivals, to drink to excess. One of these jovial seasons is harvest-time, when they exhibit their piety and satisfaction at the prospect of plenty by getting furiously drunk. In Batavia, Surabaya, and other great ports of Java, where Dutch manners prevail, fondness for the bottle may be noticed among the scum of the native population; but it is highly erroneous to attribute to drunkenness, as some writers do, the practice of running *amok*. The motive which impels to this act of frenzy is nearly always the occurrence of some dishonour in a man's family. A husband, for example, enraged at the conduct of his wife, kills her if she be within reach; if not, he seizes his *kris*, rushes forth into the streets, and stabs every one he meets till he is himself slain. *Meng amok* means to charge furiously, and consequently, in a Malay battle, the word *Amok! amok!* (Charge! charge!) resounds on all sides.

It must be remembered that the Malay race, being very widely diffused, includes numerous varieties, some Mohammedan, others pagan, speaking different languages, leading different lives, and envired by circumstances altogether dissimilar. What therefore may be true of one section of the race, may not be true of others; thus, the Malays of Borneo are with truth described as indolent, and addicted to live as far as possible by the labour of others; while the Bugis of the Macassar Straits are active, industrious, enterprising, and full of energy. The very languages in which they express their thoughts exhibit these characteristics—that of the Malays being the softest and most musical in the world; while the Bugis dialect is harsh, deep-toned, wide, abrupt, and rapid, like the people who speak it. Up to this time, no historical records throwing any light on the early movements of the race have been discovered, and probably no such records exist; but like most other rude nations, the Malays are fond of poetry and stories conceived in the manner of the *Arabian Nights*. Most persons, whether men or women, know some of these, and when they meet together, relate them to each other; though, in large cities, contemporary scandal is believed to possess much greater piquancy, especially among the ladies. Not unfrequently the elder dames entertain their juniors with narrations of their own adventures, which in most cases, perhaps, are anything but creditable to them; though, through the laxity of public opinion, no discredit is reflected on them for their habitual contempt of morality. It may nevertheless be observed, that Europeans often generalise too hastily, and will not be at the pains to institute those investigations and comparisons which can alone enable writers to speak with authority. Marsden, one of the ablest authors who have written on the further East, attributes to the whole Malay race the defects and vices discoverable in a majority of the individuals with whom circumstances brought him into contact in Sumatra; and the French naturalist, Bory de St Vincent, partly misled by Marsden, partly by his own hasty method of observation, draws a still blacker picture of these people, whom he maintains to be ferocious, vindictive, faithless, inconstant, and lazy, except when engaged in brigandage.

More recent experience compels us greatly to modify these opinions. English gentlemen engaged in exploring expeditions, accompanied exclusively by Malays or Dyaks, have found them to be attached, affectionate, and of unimpeachable fidelity; ready to expose themselves to any danger for the sake of their

leaders; cheerfully supporting great fatigue, and submitting without a murmur to extraordinary privations. If they are often deficient in industry, the fact may be easily accounted for. Their rulers, for the most part, behave in so tyrannical a way to their subjects, that the latter may be said to dread the accumulation of property, as an additional incentive to oppression. When the harvest has been gathered in, the rajah proceeds to the district for the purpose, as he pretends, of trade, but by way of preventing competition, throws a bamboo across the mouth of the river, as a signal to all whom it may concern that his dealings are not to be interfered with by any audacious merchant of inferior degree; and, accordingly, no native prahu will dare to ascend the stream till the bamboo has been removed. An Englishman who cared nothing for this regal prohibition, having sailed up to the place of traffic, crowds of officials, who imagined the intruder might be a native, immediately rushed down to the beach to chastise his insolence; but when they beheld the English flag flapping lazily about the mast, they effected their retreat with great rapidity. The rajah's mode of trading on such occasions is peculiar: he takes, for example, two or three yards of coarse cloth, and informs the peasants that they are to buy it at the price perhaps of a thousand measures of rice. No reclamations against extortion are permitted; what they are told they want they must purchase, and at the price set upon the article by the seller. A similar method of doing business was formerly practised both in France and India. A certain quantity of salt having been carted to the environs of a village, was there unladen, and piled up on the earth, when the inhabitants, whether they needed it or not, were under the necessity of paying the price fixed upon the commodity by the government. It might be melted by the next shower, or removed at the pleasure of the villagers—the rulers got their money, and troubled themselves no further about the matter. Precisely the same principle regulates the transactions of petty princes among the Malays; and in many parts of Europe, the result to the poor is the same, though the machinery by which revenues are collected is enveloped in obscurity, and gives accordingly less offence.

The remark that the valour of the Malays is sudden and fitful, only means, when properly examined, that they are neither trained nor disciplined for war. When the Dutch, in 1848, invaded the island of Bali, with a considerable army, the natives drew together in great force to oppose them. Tactics and strategy were of course on the side of the Europeans, but the Balinese manœuvred so skilfully, and assailed the invaders with so much resolution, that after several severe engagements, they forced them back towards the coast, and would have driven them into the sea, but for the bravery of a black regiment, recruited in Mozambique, which, throwing itself between the pursuers and pursued, charged the Balinese with immense impetuosity, and being joined by the Dutch artillerymen, turned the tide of battle, and saved the army. In Sambas, Banjarmassin, and Pontianak, the Dutch have encountered steady and constant opposition from the natives, all of Malay race, who have checked their advance into the interior, and in spite of all the advantages of European organisation, have made them pay dearly for their conquests. The writers who describe these proceedings for the benefit of Europeans, generally convey very false ideas of what takes place, talking loosely of armies of eight or ten thousand men defeated by a single regiment. When inquired into, the armies resolve themselves into a gathering of peasants, armed with seligis or javelins of hard wood, whose points are sometimes tempered in the fire, or with spears from seven to twelve feet in length; obviously a poor defence against muskets, bayonets, and artillery. The number of the combatants is of no consequence,

because, when their ranks are once broken, they know not how to form again, and through their ignorance, are dispersed like chaff. In the Malay countries, as well as elsewhere in the world, courage and success have often shifted their ground, now displaying themselves in Sumatra, now in Borneo, now in Java or Celebes, and now in the Sulu islands. The inhabitants of this group, though comparatively few in number, once made themselves masters of all Northern Borneo, which, in the decadence of their power, about the middle of the eighteenth century, they ceded to Great Britain.

In manners and social habits, the Malays are, if possible, even more polite than the Hindus. Accustomed to associate much together, they improve upon their natural urbanity, visiting frequently, conversing on public affairs, hearing and repeating news, or discussing, perchance, the affairs of their families. When an opulent man gives an entertainment, the guests meet in the verandah, seat themselves cross-legged on mats, and when a large white cloth has been spread before them, trays are brought in, in the proportion of one to about five persons. The dishes, consisting of rice and cooked meats, are generally numerous; and after the *bismillah*, or grace, and the washing of hands, the repast begins. On these occasions, nothing is drunk but water, which always stands near at hand in large jars. When ladies are invited, they assemble with the mistress of the house in an inner apartment, where much the same customs are observed as among the men, except that the dishes are more numerous and delicate, and served up almost invariably by the females of the family, no slaves or servants being permitted to be present. When the dinner-party is large, the guests retire in about a quarter of an hour after the meal; but should it consist exclusively of the host's personal friends, they sometimes remain chatting together till bedtime. The dinner-hour is between seven and eight. Since the settling of Europeans in their country, the Malays have their prejudices frequently shocked by seeing pork eaten by gentlemen; though their love of chat and gossip is so great that even this circumstance does not suffice to restrain them from visiting the houses of the pig-eaters, where they distribute themselves in little knots about the carpet, or sometimes seat themselves upon the chairs which are offered them, though they seem to find the position exceedingly uncomfortable. When the women sit, either for conversation or eating, they tuck up their legs under them, their ankles crossed, and the feet on the right side, while they lean on their left hands. Descriptions of dress, unless when very technical, are at once unintelligible and uninteresting, because it is nearly impossible to convey by words the effect of costume. From the accounts of some travellers, we might infer that the Malays make a ludicrous figure in their petticoats, chemises, and jackets, but in reality they appear thoroughly elegant, with their party-coloured head-dresses surmounting a profusion of jet-black hair, and their buttons, bracelets, agrafes, and waist-buckles of gold filigree studded with jewels. In features, they are at first sight pronounced to be ugly, though the sweetness of their expression speedily does away with the effect of their material physiognomy. Their luxuriant hair, though extremely coarse, and, to say truth, generally populous, is rendered flexible by the use of oils perfumed with fresh flowers. Superstition is the cause of the disagreeable circumstance just alluded to, for in all other respects they are the cleanest women in the world; and, indeed, the ladies of Europe are believed to have derived from them that attention to cleanliness, which, first rendered fashionable by the Dutch, has since become happily general. When Malay women are connected with Europeans, they abandon those little creatures which, according to Sir Hugh Evans, 'do become an old coat well,' though

evidently not without considerable reluctance. Still, the superstition is given up, and when it is gone, the woman ceases to belong to the East, and becomes a proselyte of European civilisation.

### EPITAPHS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A CHURCHYARD! How many remembrances are called forth by that word. To no one is it a strange or forbidden place. Most persons have visited it in sable garments, to pay the last sad duties to departed friends; some, with bleeding, breaking hearts, have gone there to weep among the silent graves, longing that they too might die; while others have been drawn thither to wander among the tombstones, and amidst 'that testimony of the rocks,' those silent witnesses of man's frailty, to meditate on their own destiny.

At present, however, our object is not to moralise, but to take an author's privilege, and forgetting time and space, to visit many known and unknown graves.

The greatest of English poets has said:

The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones;

or, we may well add, only heard of from the inscriptions on their imposing monuments. The English are particularly addicted to long epitaphs, relating the whole life, and ending with a voluminous catalogue of the merits and virtues of the deceased; while, on the contrary, the German estimation of them may be gathered from one of their national proverbs: 'He lies like a tombstone, and is as impudent as a newspaper.' There is more force in brevity and simplicity than in the longest flow of words. Lengthy panegyric and reflections are out of place when applied to men who have left their memories 'graven on a thousand hearts,' or who have written their names as with a pen of iron on nature and the elements. 'Who would not prefer, on a monument erected to the liberator of America,' says a modern writer, 'the single name Washington, to any wordy attempt to point out his virtues?'

Epitaphs may be divided into two great classes—the one containing those which, for beauty of expression, simplicity of design, and felicitous allusion, are worthy of consideration; the other, those which must excite a smile, and which, while not so elegant in expression as those of the first class, contain much quaint meaning.

I will ask you, reader, to visit with me in fancy the ancient city of Rome, and to penetrate those subterranean excavations known as the Catacombs. In these dreary vaults, far from 'day's rosy light,' the first persecuted Christians found a refuge; here the converts were baptised, here they died, and were buried, and on these dark, damp walls, now defaced by time, and the hand of the spoiler, sorrowing friends carved their epitaphs. Among these, you may read the following inscription; it is of course in Latin, and is bounded on the one side by a monograph of the name of Christ, and on the other by a leafy spray: 'In Christ, ALEXANDER is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the Emperor Antoninus, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good; for while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life, and what than such a death? When they could not be buried by their friends and relations, at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times.' In another place may be found the following epitaph: 'AURELIA, our sweetest daughter, who departed from the world—Severus and Rindinus being consuls. She lived fifteen years and four months.'

Now, let us gladly leave these vaults, and ascend once more to the world of living men. How pure the air feels, how brightly the sun shines, how cheerily the birds sing! An hour ago, we did not think the day remarkably fine; now, we fancy it could not be more beautiful. Truly, everything in this world goes by contrast. If we leave the imperial city, and walk along the road to Naples, which is lined by tombs, we shall come to one erected by a master baker to his wife. We shall be certain not to pass it unnoticed, for it is built entirely of representations, carved in stone, of the kneading-troughs and other implements employed in making bread. On it, we find the following inscription: 'To the memory of my wife, ATRISTA; when living, the best of women. All that remains of her body is deposited in this bread-basket.'

Upon Pope Adrian VI.'s tomb is an epitaph, composed by himself, in which we have his estimate of that imperial power which so many men have coveted: 'POPE ADRIAN lies here, who experienced nothing more unhappy in life than that he governed.'

In the north of Europe, on the bloody field at Nördlingen, there is a column erected to Mercy, bearing this concise record of military prowess: 'Stop, traveller!—'tis a hero thou treadest on.'

Count Tessin, governor of Gustavus III. of Sweden, ordered the words 'Happy at last' to be carved on his tomb.

But perhaps the most beautiful, simple, and expressive epitaph is one in St Anne's Church, Cracow, to Copernicus: 'He commanded the sun to stand still.' The very words of Scripture which were derisively applied to his important discovery, the very words which were employed as a pretext to persecute the great truth he advanced, are here engraved as his epitaph. There is a majesty, a power in the selection which every one must acknowledge.

The inscription on Sir Isaac Newton's tomb is remarkable: 'This marble acknowledges Isaac Newton mortal, whom time, nature, and heaven prove immortal.' The following couplet by Pope was also designed for this great man's monument:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,  
God said: 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

Proceeding to epitaphs of less eminent, though perhaps not less estimable, characters, there is a white marble monument in a country church in Yorkshire, which, in most touching language, records the death of two young women, teachers in a Sunday school: 'Here lie the remains of — and —, who departed this life, July —, 185—. Fellow-workers on earth, fellow-worshippers in heaven.' A graphic picture, truly, of the here and the hereafter of two young spirits!

In Melrose Church, there is an epitaph full of quaint, homely truth:

Earth builds on earth castles and towers;  
Earth says to earth, all shall be ours;  
Earth walks on earth all clad in gold;  
Earth goes to earth sooner than earth wold.

The stone over the remains of Mr Burbridge the tragedian has the two words, 'EXIT BURBRIDGE;' and on the tomb of a certain miser named Spargess we read:

Here lieth FATHER SPARGESS,  
Who died to save charges.

The quaint humour of Dr Franklin is characteristically expressed in the following epitaph: 'The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.'

Similar to this, but much inferior, is the following on a watchmaker in Abercromley Church: 'Here lies, in a horizontal position, the outside case of —, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the mainspring, and prudence the regulator of his actions; humane, generous, and liberal, his hands never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions, that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then, he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing of his time so well, that his hours glided away in one continued round of delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life wound up, in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come, where he will never want winding up again, but will keep time for ever.'

There is a capital French epitaph on Montmaur, a man who, although possessing a remarkable memory, was very deficient in judgment:

Sous cette casque noire  
Repose bien doucement  
Montmaur d'heureuse mémoire  
Attendant son jugement.

In Greyfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh may be found the following:

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;  
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

On the wall of a chapel in Edinburgh, which is built over an old wine and spirit vault, are carved these lines, which almost rise to the dignity of an epitaph:

There is spirit above, and spirit below;  
The one is of joy, the other of woe:  
The spirit above is the Spirit divine;  
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

In a country churchyard in the south of England, there is this miserable attempt at epigram:

Here lies a certain Ann Mann;  
She lived an old maid, and she died an old Mann.

There is a peculiar class of epitaphs which, while commemorating the dead, serve also as an advertisement for the living. One of these two-sided inscriptions may still be seen in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,  
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;  
His son keeps on the business still,  
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

This is certainly 'killing two birds with one stone.' But this style of epitaph is not confined to England. In the French cemetery of Pere la Chaise, near Paris, a very similar one exists, only it is even more explicit. After stating the name and age of the deceased, it ends with the following sentence: 'His inconsolable widow continues his business at 324 Rue St Honoré.'

The next epitaph and its answer I find in an old family volume, but whether it really exists on any tombstone, I know not.

Oh, do not weep, my husband dear;  
I am not dead, but sleeping here:  
So mend your ways; prepare to die,  
For you are soon to come to I.

Then follows the reply:

I do not weep, my dearest life,  
For I have got another wife;  
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go to cherish she.



Political epitaphs are but occasionally met with; such as—

Here lies NED HYDE,  
Because he died.  
If it had been his sister,  
We should have missed her.  
But we would rather  
It had been his father;  
Or, for the good of the nation,  
The whole generation.

Perhaps the most witty and satirical of all epitaphs is that one in Bath Cathedral, which must be almost sufficient to frighten some nervous invalids from the city:

These walls, adorned with monumental bust,  
Shew how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

#### A KING FOR SIX WEEKS.

THE brief and cursory notice that writers on Iceland have given to King Jorgen Jorgensen has led me to think that a more detailed account of his extraordinary and unparalleled usurpation might be interesting. The proclamations and other documents I have translated from official sources nearly *verbatim*.

In the beginning of the present century, the Icelanders had lost every trace of the old warlike spirit for which their ancestors had been celebrated. Under the encroachments of the king of Denmark, every spark of independence seems to have become extinguished amongst them, and without power or energy to resist, they sank into a state of apathy and servile submission. Forbidden to trade with foreign nations, they were compelled to draw all their supplies from the mother-country. In the year 1809, consequently, when England and Denmark were at war, the poor Icelanders were very badly off, and in want of even the necessities of life, as the vigilance of the English cruisers prevented any supplies being sent over the North Sea. The approach, therefore, of a merchantman under American colours was hailed with delight; but unfortunately the law was plain, and an application to trade with the inhabitants was refused, upon which the vessel changed her nationality, and hoisted the union jack. Amongst those on board was Jorgen Jorgensen, the future king of Iceland. By extraction, he was the son of a watchmaker in Copenhagen, and had travelled in the ship in question in the capacity of interpreter. By dint of threats, Jackson—such was the captain's name—extorted permission to trade from the authorities. The cargo was unloaded, and left under the charge of a subordinate, while the vessel sailed away, bearing with it Jorgen Jorgensen.

On June 21st following, however, an armed merchantship, of ten to twelve guns, arrived at Reikiavik. The ship's name was the *Margaret and Ann*, from London, having on board a man named Phelps, Jorgen Jorgensen, and others.

On Sunday, June 25, after the conclusion of divine service, the governor's (Count Trampe) house was suddenly surrounded by about a dozen armed sailors, and the governor himself, notwithstanding his protestations, taken prisoner.

Jorgensen seems now to have played the most prominent part amongst his confederates, for we find him informing the towns-people that he should hold Iceland in possession for England, 'until such time as an English fleet should relieve him, when a bank would be established, with a capital of a hundred thousand rix-dollars, that would speedily set the island in a flourishing condition.' The following day, two proclamations were issued, signed 'Jorgen Jorgensen,' who, like other monarchs, styled himself 'We.' The following is a brief summary of their contents.

'That allegiance to Denmark was at an end, and that Iceland was from henceforth free; that the Danes residing in the island should not be permitted to leave

their houses, or hold intercourse with each other; that all weapons should be surrendered; that all keys to all public offices should be delivered up; that all moneys or bank-notes belonging to the Danish king should also be given up; that the inhabitants of Reikiavik should have two-and-a-half hours, and those of Hafne-fjord twelve hours, given them to carry out these orders; that from every district a trustworthy person should be chosen by the magistrates as a representative, and that these should draw up a constitution; that all debts, due to Denmark, or to Danish factors, should be null and void; that all Icelanders should be exempt from paying half their taxes till July 1, 1810; that until the representatives should assemble, all public officials should refer to Jorgensen; that criminals should be judged by a jury of twelve; that Iceland should have a national flag, and be at peace with all the world; that relations with Great Britain should be set on a firm footing, and Iceland be placed under her protection; and that the defences of the island should be properly organised.'

These orders were obeyed without opposition. Jorgensen took possession of the governor's house, broke open his office, seized the archives and other public documents, and established a 'government office for Iceland.'

To commemorate his reign, Jorgensen set at liberty the prisoners that were in the town jail. He made the merchants sell their goods at fixed prices, confiscating everything he could lay hands on 'to the state chest.' On June 26, he issued a proclamation, giving notice that the goods of some merchants who had displeased him were to be confiscated. The proclamation ran as follows: 'We, R. J. Jorgensen, protector and chief commander of Iceland by land and sea, hereby make known, &c.

The word 'R.' seems to insinuate that Jorgensen was about to assume all the titles and privileges of a crowned head, for he at this time appointed a body-guard, consisting of the prisoners he had released from jail, in all eight men. Under his orders, Einardsen, judge of the supreme court, was arrested, and imprisoned in Reikiavik for ten days, because he had omitted to follow out some of Jorgensen's orders.

The following day, another proclamation was issued, containing seventeen paragraphs of a very original character.

'According to our proclamation of June 26, 1809, ordering the representatives of the nation to assemble, in order to take into their consideration matters relating to the public weal, and as we find that such orders have not been followed out, we, no longer able to set ourselves against the wishes of the community—after their frequent solicitations that I would take on myself the administration of affairs, and who have flocked in hundreds without the least compulsion, and have offered to enlist themselves in their country's service—do hereby declare that we, Jorgen Jorgensen, have taken on ourselves the government of the country as its protector, until a regular constitution be formed, with full powers to declare war and make peace with foreign potentates.

'The Icelandic flag shall be blue, with three white stock-fish, and we take upon ourselves to maintain its honour with our body and our blood.

'The governor's seal is no longer valid. All public documents must be sealed with my seal (J. J.).

'The country shall be put in a complete state of defence without the imposition of further taxes. All English subjects shall have liberty to reside on, and trade with, the island, and all persons insulting the above shall be punished. All Danish property shall be confiscated, and any one found concealing such shall be punished.

'For our own dignity's sake, we are compelled not to permit the least want of respect towards ourselves, nor that any one should transgress the least article in

our proclamation, which only has in view the interests of the country; wherefore we do solemnly declare that the first who endeavours to disturb the general peace, shall be straightway capitally punished, without trial by the civil law.

'Given under our hand and seal,

J. J.,

'Protector of all Iceland, and Commander-in-chief by Sea and Land.'

Thus were the Icelanders forced to submit to a state of things representing all the miseries of the most unlimited despotism.

In the meantime, Jorgensen and his myrmidons went about confiscating property to the *state chest*, and placing the town in a state of defence. Accordingly, a battery was built close to the town, named Phelps' Fort, after one of Jorgensen's companions, and manned with some old cannon which had been sent to the island one hundred and fifty years before.

Jorgensen continued his depredations, at one time making excursions into the interior with his body-guard, in order to overawe the refractory officials, and seizing all documents and public moneys in their possession; at another, imprisoning different merchants who incurred his displeasure. Even trading vessels, provided with English letters of marque, were not safe from his clutches, but were seized by the crew of the *Margaret and Ann*, and their cargoes confiscated for the use of the insatiable 'public chest.' There is little doubt (for England was at war, and Denmark was in a crippled state, and without a fleet) that Jorgensen would have lived and died king of Iceland, and the unfortunate governor have ended his days in prison, but that one fine morning an English man-of-war, the *Talbot*, arrived at Reikiavik, to the great joy of the poor Icelanders, and intense dismay of the usurper. They felt convinced that Englishmen would never countenance such enormities, and so they repaired forthwith on board, and laid the case in the hands of the commander, who at once set the governor at liberty, pulled down the Icelandic flag, demolished the battery, and restored to every one his lawful office and rights. It is needless to add that Jorgen Jorgensen was taken prisoner.

Count Trampe did not again take the office of governor. He felt it incumbent on him to lay the case before the British government, and seek compensation for the depredations that had been committed on public and private property. After meeting with some reverses on the voyage to England, the vessel conveying the governor and Jorgensen and others at length arrived safely; but it does not appear that Jorgensen received any punishment for his piratical invasion of Iceland, or that Count Trampe succeeded in obtaining the slightest compensation. The hero of our tale passed a miserable life in London, and at length we find him, in 1824 or 1825, convicted for robbery, and sentenced to transportation in Botany Bay. Count Trampe was subsequently appointed amtmann in Trondhjem, where he ended his days in 1832, retaining to the last a lively and painful recollection of his governorship in Iceland.

Thus ended the Jorgensian usurpation, having lasted one and a half months, from June 25 to August 9. It may perhaps appear almost incredible, that a whole island should be taken possession of by such a handful of men—that the governor should be seized in broad daylight, and imprisoned, without the inhabitants of the capital offering any resistance. It is, however, true, and does not, perhaps, speak very highly for the courage of the Icelanders. But the fact was, they were completely awe-struck; and the threat of the town being bombarded by the *Margaret and Ann* seems to have made them think that it was more prudent to submit, and bide their time. There is little doubt, indeed, that the town could very speedily have been

demolished, for it was built entirely of wood, with the exception of the church and the house of correction. Count Trampe seems also to have feared this, and to have dreaded the effusion of any blood for his sake, and therefore used all the means in his power to persuade the towns-people to submit quietly, and even whilst in prison, wrote to Bishop Vidalin, praying him 'to beg the people to make no disturbance, neither to risk their lives for him.' Moreover, it could scarcely be expected that people who had not been accustomed to the use of weapons for many ages could make any resistance against the armed and comparatively disciplined crew of the invader; and one should bear also in mind that at that period, with the exception of Reikiavik and some few trading places, every family lived isolated, so that no organised plan of attack could have been well devised.

#### THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

'On, dearest mother, tell me, pray,

Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?

Could they not stay till close of day,

To sparkle on the flowery spray,

Or on the fields till noon?'—

The mother gazed upon her boy,

Earnest with thought beyond his years;

She felt a sharp and sad annoy,

Which meddled with her deepest joy,

But she restrained her tears.

'My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,

Too often loved with vain excess,

Are swept away by angel wings,

Before contamination clings

To their frail loveliness.

'Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,

To which all mingled hues are given!

There are thy dew-drops, grandly set

In a resplendent coronet

Upon the brow of Heaven.

'No stain of earth can reach them there;

Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,

A transient vision of the air,

But yet a symbol, pure and fair,

Of love and peace divine.'

The boy gazed upward into space

With eager and inquiring eyes,

While o'er his fair and thoughtful face

Came a faint glory, and a grace

Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May,

That child lay down beneath the sod;

Like dew, his young soul passed away,

To mingle with the brighter day

That veils the throne of God.

Mother, thy fond foreboding heart

Truly foretold thy grief and pain,

But thou didst choose the Christian part

Of resignation to the smart,

And owned thy loss his gain.

J. C. P.